

of the Southern Ocean and I had lost contact with Cape Town radio. As far as I could make out, my transmitter had packed up soon after the knockdown. I had been meant to contact Perth Radio Station in Western Australia, but had been unable to get through, and when I tried to meet my last schedule with Cape Town, I could hear them calling me for over half an hour but they obviously could not hear me. Cape Town had been most helpful and co-operative throughout my passage through their area, and I did not like leaving things in the present unsatisfactory state.

During the next spell of fine weather I stripped down the transmitter, cleaned out the encrusted salt and tried to find the fault, but I might as well have tried to sort out a railway timetable: in the first place the circuit diagram looked like a plan of Clapham Junction, and in the second, I am no electrician. I changed the valves and tried the transmitter again, but the fuses blew before the power started to come through. I spent two days trying to find out what was wrong and eventually had to admit defeat.

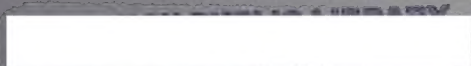
As I could not get the radio to work in the easier conditions clear of the Cape of Good Hope I decided to have another attempt at turning the engine. I stripped off the electric starter motor and exerted pressure directly on the flywheel. I calculated that I had to exert a turning moment of at least half a ton before the flywheel moved at all, and this was by means of a complicated system of levers that would have filled Emmett with awe. The main difficulty was finding bearing points and at one stage the lot slipped and my right forefinger was gashed to the bone. I swabbed out the cut with Swarfega and then wiped it clean. Plaster would not stick to the skin and I had a terrible job covering the cut. Eventually I found a pair of heavy duty leather gloves and put these on before going back to try again. This time the flywheel moved, which gave me a terrific feeling of relief as I had been wondering what I should do if I could not shift it. Stripping the whole engine down in the middle of a heaving sea would have been next to impossible:

It took me forty minutes to turn it one revolution, but then it began to ease and I felt it was worth trying the self-starter. I ran the

Intro: Okay folks, this 398 is a little bit different then the ones before. Usually I don't like making perzines, but this issue is whole lot more perzine then litzine. There are no fairy stories in here this time. Just me. Writing about writing.

-Elizabeth J. M. W.
August 2006

Elizabeth J. M. W.



APPETIZERS

1. Edamame (Boiled soy beans in the pod, sprinkled with sea salt)
2. Age Dachi Tofu (Aged tofu with soy sauce)
3. Taki (Spicy chicken)
4. Yakitori (Grilled chicken w/ teriyaki sauce)
5. Shrimp Tempura (6 pcs of shrimp & vegetable)
6. Sashimi (Assorted raw fish 10 pcs)
7. Sushi (6 pcs)
8. Sushi Pizza

Let's Begin

6.95

6.95

7.95

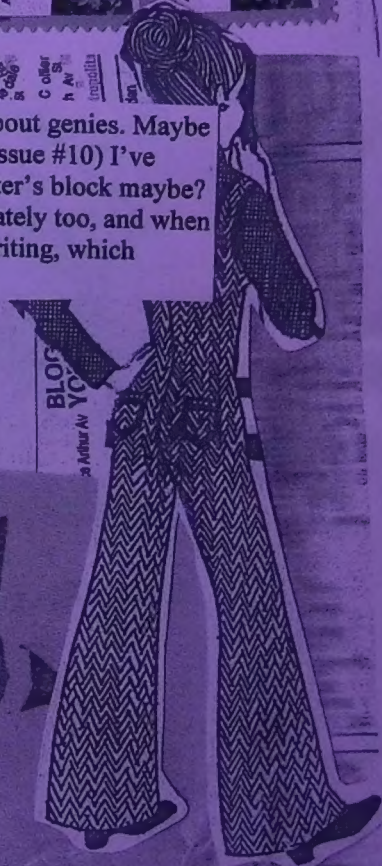


This issue was going to have two stories about genies. Maybe that will be issue #11. (I already have plans for issue #10) I've been a bit frustrated with my writing lately. Writer's block maybe? I don't know. I've been frustrated with my life lately too, and when that happens I put a lot more emphasis on my writing, which usually does more hindrance than help.



Finch Ave. E

three





I have a confession to make: I don't write every day.



Am I a real writer then? Can you define exactly what that means? To be a writer? Because I go days without writing words, does that make me a writer-wanna-be and not a real writer?

TUNNEL BUS ROUTE - DETROIT



You may attend a party where strange customs prevail.

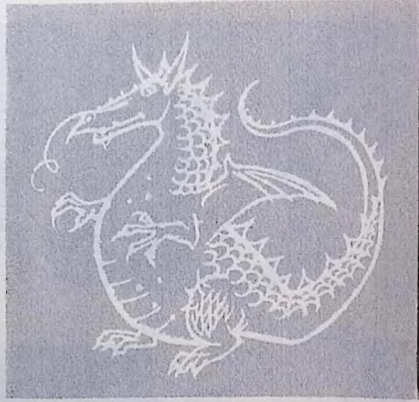


I ask myself these questions often. It's like a constant argument in my mind and it drives me crazy.





I also go through an endless cycle of not being able to write makes me depressed and when I'm depressed I can't write. I'm not really sure what comes first though.



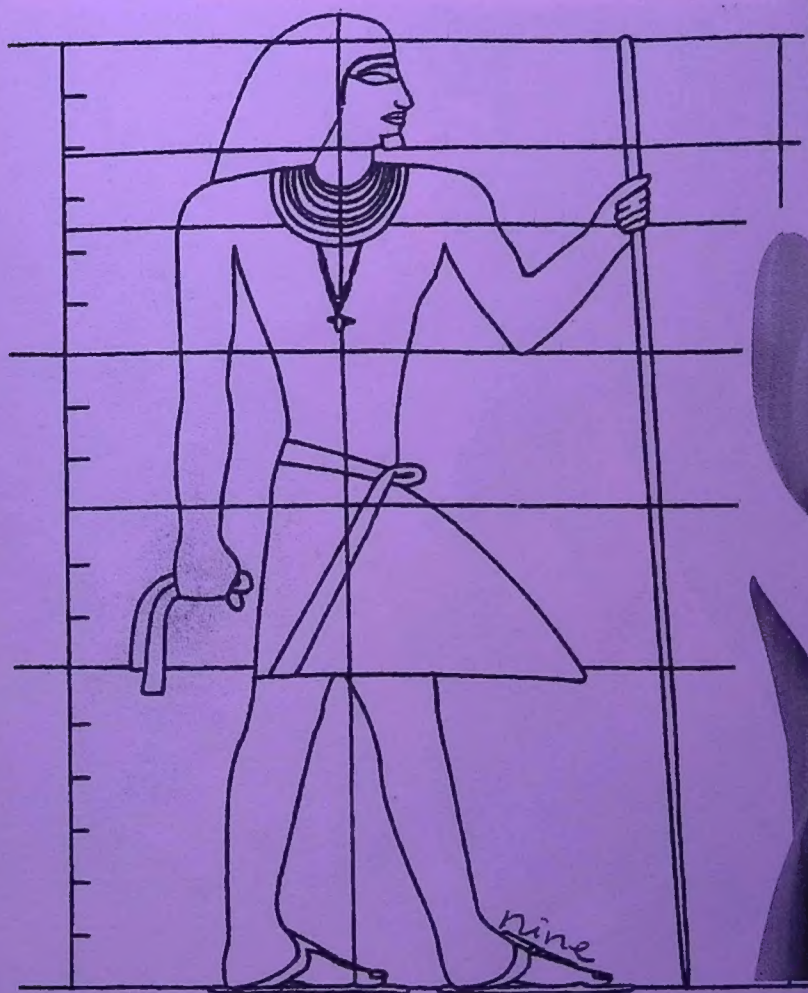
Sometimes I think I should give up writing because it seems to cause me a whole lot more pain then happiness. Feelings of worthlessness because I haven't wrote anything of "value". What is value? I know I don't write literature and never will. That's never been much of an issue. But the fact that I can't write at all sometimes is quite pressing.

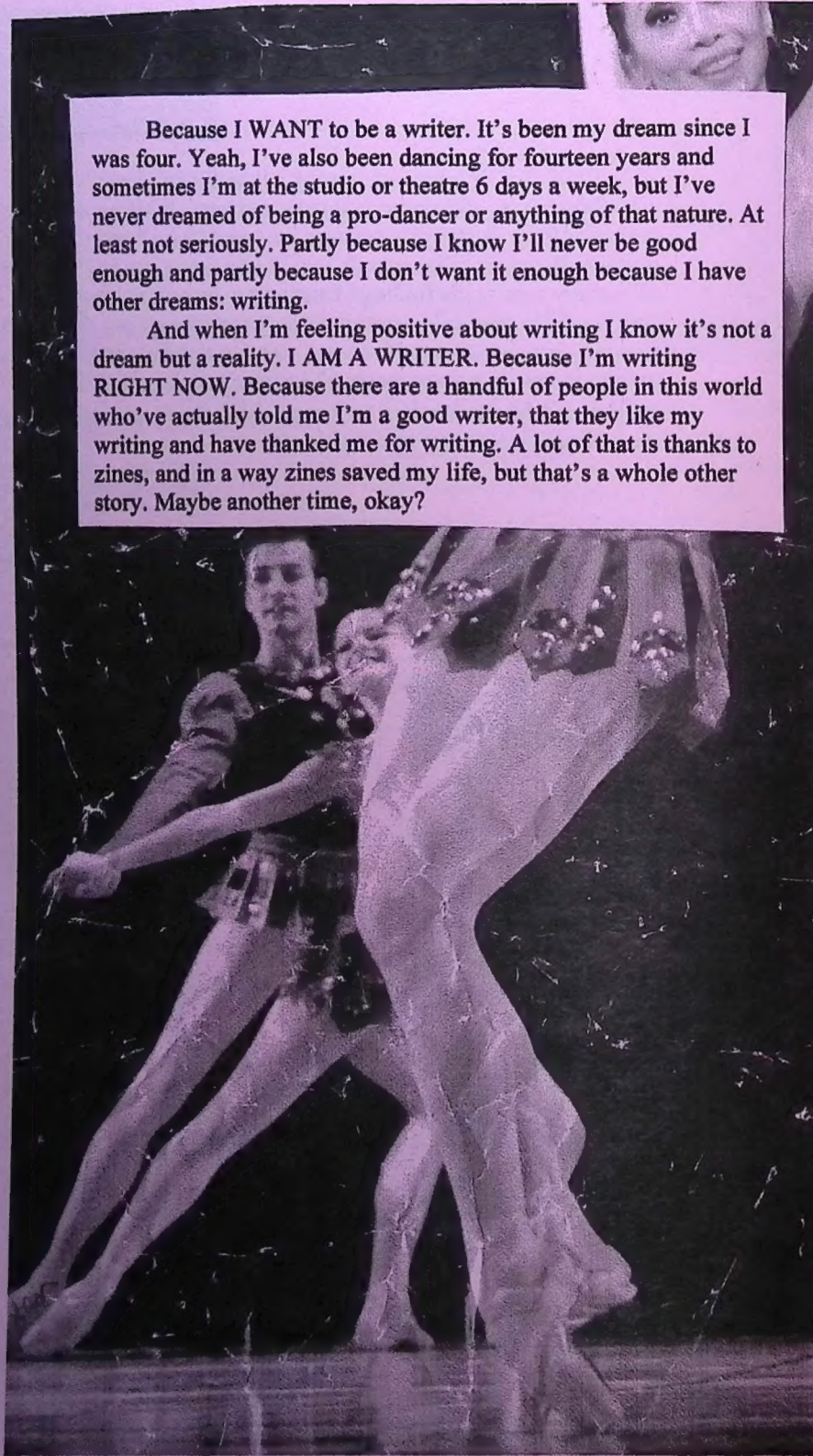


eight



I feel like, if I gave up writing I'll be FREE. I won't spend countless hours, afternoons and days and years lying on my bedroom floor in self-pity because the words won't come out of my pen. But then, what exactly would I be doing instead? My pile of laundry that needs folding? Dusting my incredibly dusty furniture? Working, 44 hours a week for min-wage at a donut shop in an ill-fitting brown uniform just so I can rent my own apartment and no longer live at my parents? I refuse to believe that is my destiny and future. Writing let's me believe there's something more. It gives me hope to carry on.





Because I WANT to be a writer. It's been my dream since I was four. Yeah, I've also been dancing for fourteen years and sometimes I'm at the studio or theatre 6 days a week, but I've never dreamed of being a pro-dancer or anything of that nature. At least not seriously. Partly because I know I'll never be good enough and partly because I don't want it enough because I have other dreams: writing.

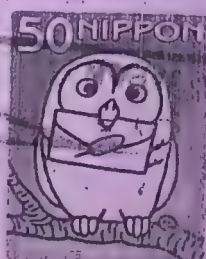
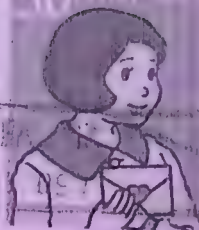
And when I'm feeling positive about writing I know it's not a dream but a reality. I AM A WRITER. Because I'm writing RIGHT NOW. Because there are a handful of people in this world who've actually told me I'm a good writer, that they like my writing and have thanked me for writing. A lot of that is thanks to zines, and in a way zines saved my life, but that's a whole other story. Maybe another time, okay?

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Also, I like my writing. Not to sound narcissistic, but when I go back and read an old story, I like it. And I'm excited to write down new stories because I like them. But really, why wouldn't I like my own writing? I'm the first audience it gets and I'm the one that spends the most time with it. So it makes sense to write what you like.



Second Floor

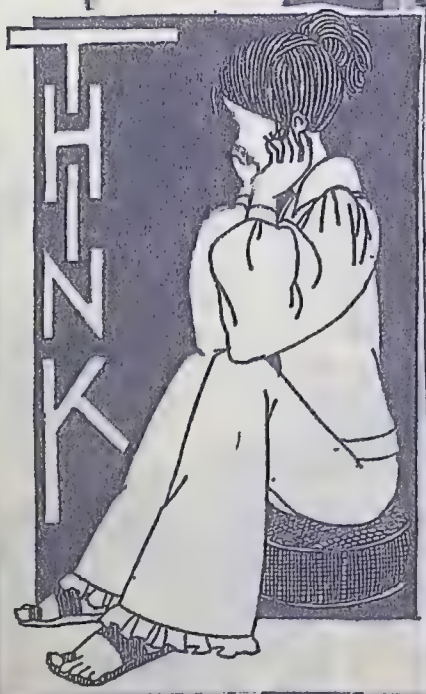
eleven

Moving on, I'm a writer because I've had articles published in small newspapers. Even though that made me feel dirty. I strongly dislike journalistic writing and "reporting". It makes me cringe. I don't like seeing my name in newspapers. But it was. So I'm a writer. I'm a writer because I wrote a script for a theatre show that will be performed this spring. And I'm a writer because I publish my own zines full of my own words. I'm a writer because it's all I've ever known and I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I wasn't.



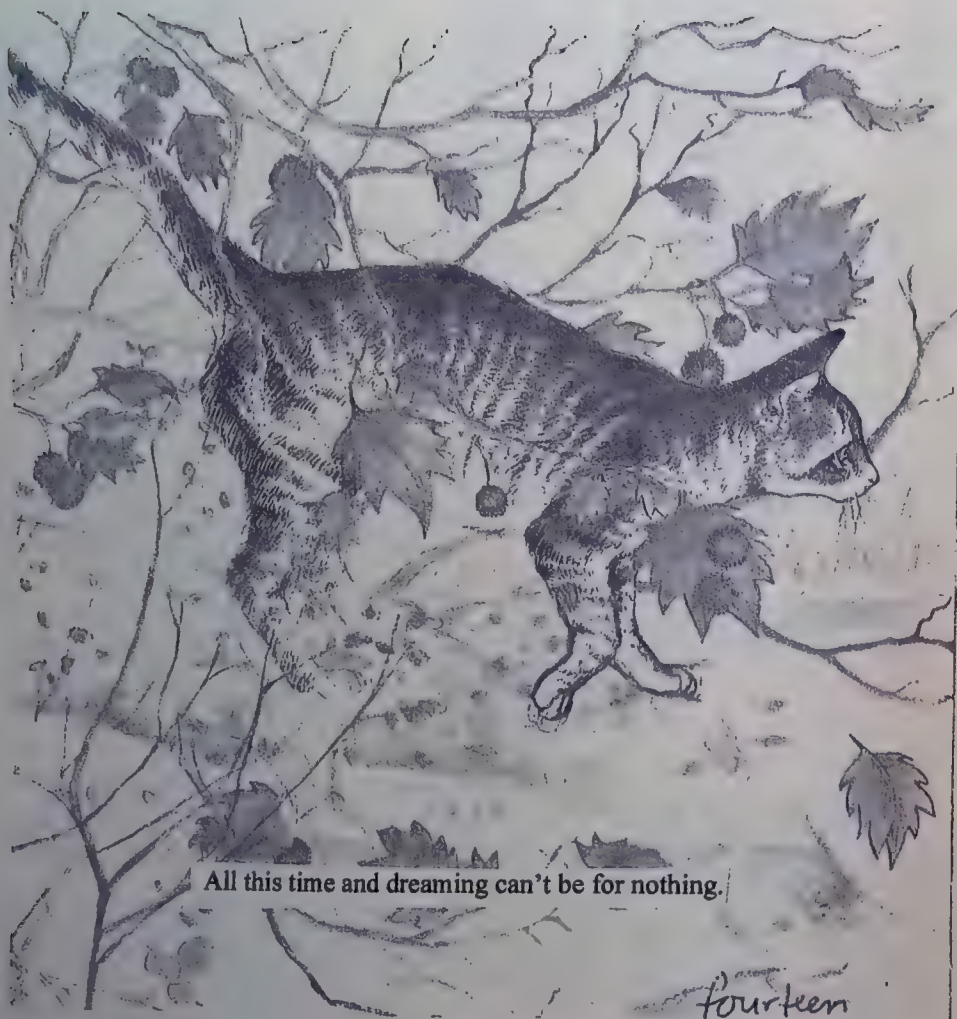
twelve





I often wonder: what the do other people think about? Because I'm always thinking about writing and stories and the future. And sometimes I think everything is going to be all right, because I'm a writer.

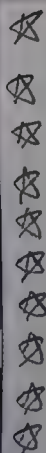




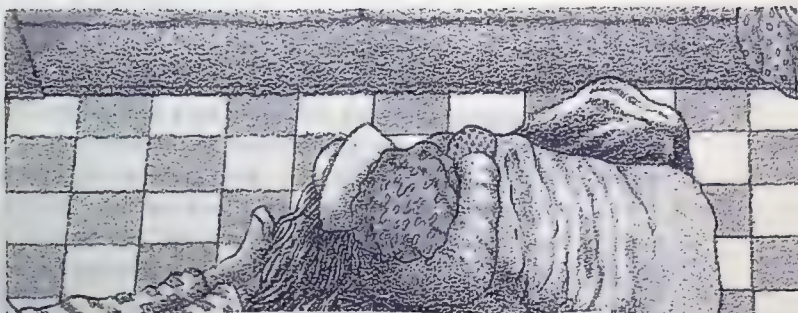
All this time and dreaming can't be for nothing.

fourteen

But sometimes I worry that someday I may get married and have kids and won't have time to write and will forget my dreams and instead be filled with my kids' dreams. What happens then? I'll think myself a failure, that's what. Just one more person who used to have dreams and then they "grew up" and stopped dreaming and joined up with normal society who goes to work and makes money so they can reproduce and take care of their kids so they in turn can do the exact same thing over and over again. I never thought that'd happen to me. I never thought I'd fall in love and actually want that. Part of me wants to hurry up and have that life so I can fully and completely give up writing, give up dreaming. But I was never the little girl who actually dreamed about such things. I don't have a Hope Chest full of clippings from magazines about what my dream wedding would be like.

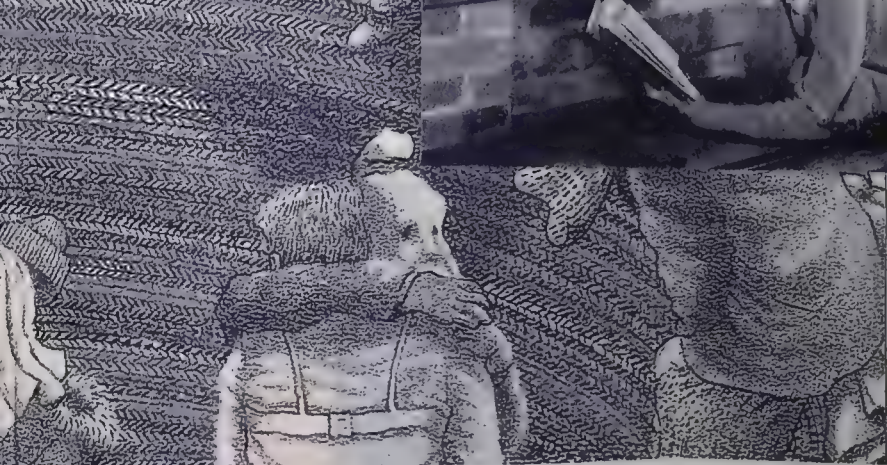
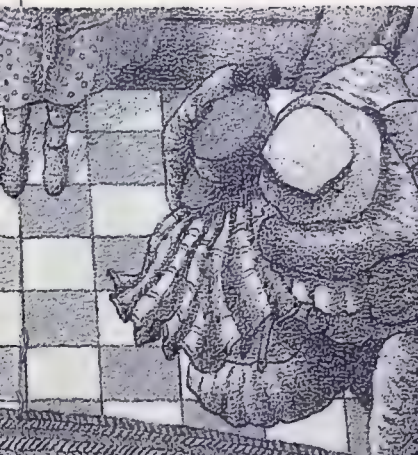


fifteen

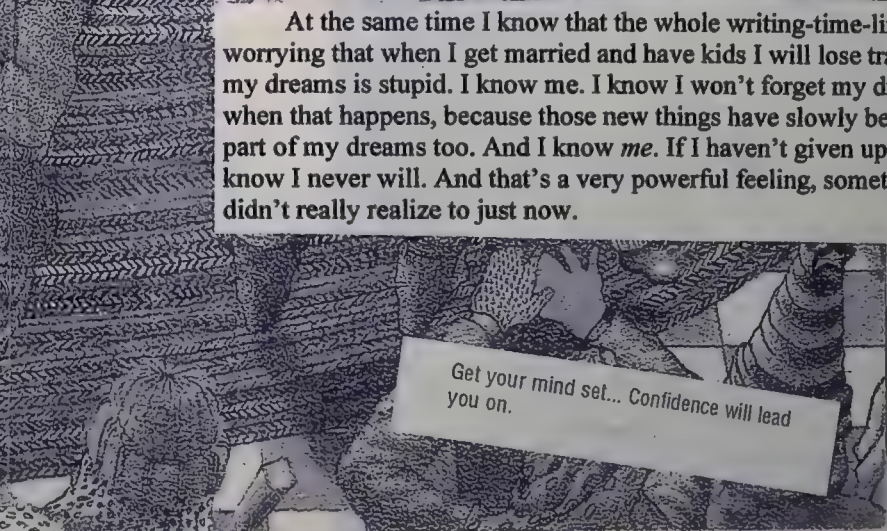


Sometimes I feel like I have a time limit. I HAVE to hurry up and write *something* so I'll be a REAL writer, an AUTHOR (magical-magical-word), an ESTABLISHED AUTHOR, by the time I get married and have kids. Or else it'll never happen. It used to be a different time line. It used to be I have to hurry up and write while I'm still a teenager because I might lose my sense of creativity-wonder-dream-thoughts when I get older. But I'm 23 now and I have that *Story Girl* quote.



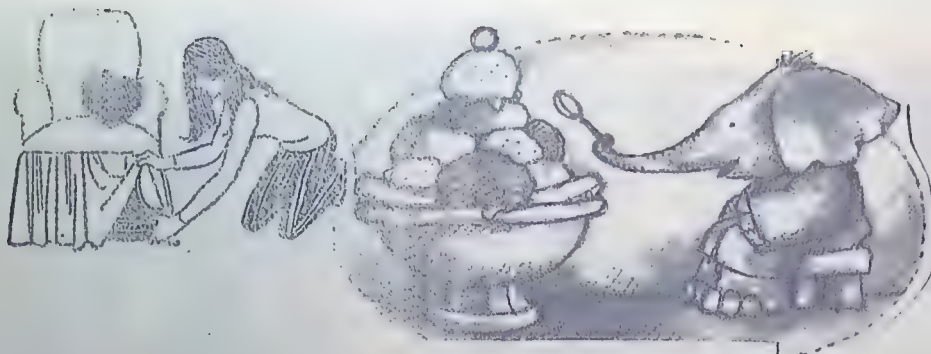


At the same time I know that the whole writing-time-line and worrying that when I get married and have kids I will lose track of my dreams is stupid. I know me. I know I won't forget my dreams when that happens, because those new things have slowly become part of my dreams too. And I know *me*. If I haven't given up yet I know I never will. And that's a very powerful feeling, something I didn't really realize to just now.

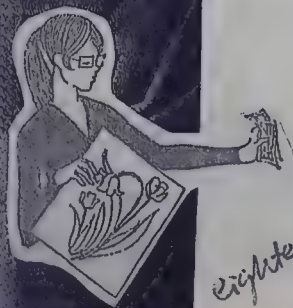
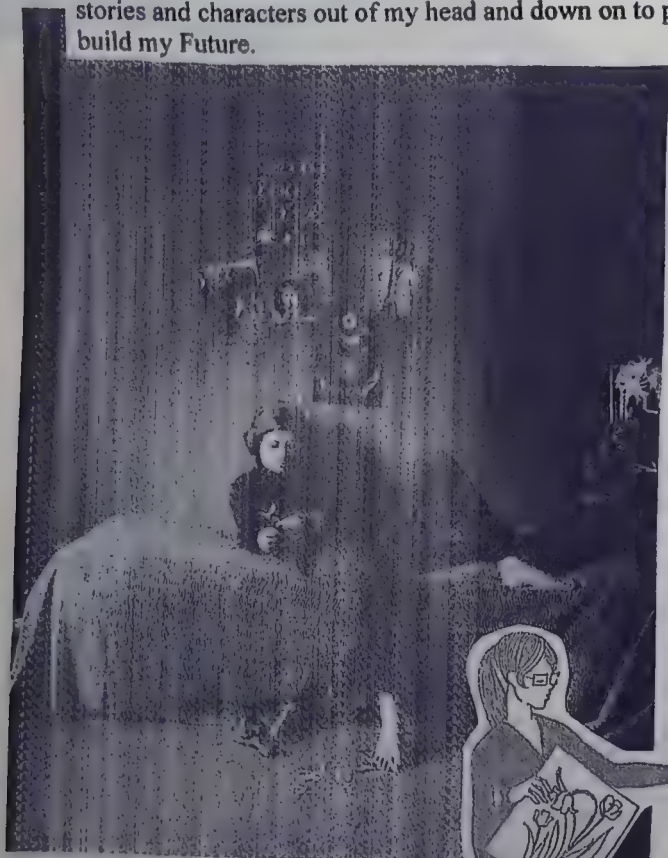


Get your mind set... Confidence will lead you on.

Seventeen



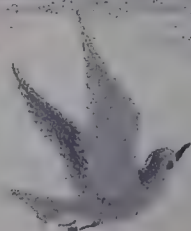
But it's when I start pressuring myself and thinking I have an imaginary deadline is when I *really* can't write. And I have to tell myself if it's meant to be it'll happen on its own damn time (I'm writing this at 2am and I wish I could be sleeping). I just can't seem to learn that it can't be forced, that the writing-time (muse?) doesn't always come when I conveniently have a day off and no chores to do and I would love nothing more then to write-write-write all day long. To get some work done. To get all these crazy stories and characters out of my head and down on to paper. To build my Future.



He who lies cannot walk with dignity.

Eighteen

I wanted today to be one of those days. Instead it just turned into one of those wasted days where I get terribly upset with myself. Partly because I don't believe in myself as a writer, partly because I get no writing done and at the same time get nothing else done, like ironing.



ROLLS & HAND ROLLS

ocado Ma Really, is this what *every* writer goes through? I'm sure it
hinko Mal probably is to some extent. Sometimes it sucks and sometimes it
ppa Maki can be the best thing in the world, the feeling of writing something
m Roll and it's just...you like it, you love it, it's "good". I guess that's
lmon Maki pretty much a whole philosophy on life even though I don't like
ikka Maki philosophising on life because I'm essentially just a stupid kid: you
vocado Cuc live through the lows so you can experience the highs. You can't
am and Avc have one without the other, or else you wouldn't be able to
differentiate ~~the difference~~ between a high and a low (and there'd
never be any highs.)

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Alas!

SeLA

Salmon Skin Roll

Spice

BOOK ONLY
PRINTED MATTER

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Good news will come to you from far
away.

みそ汁一杯
無料券

16年11月末日迄有効



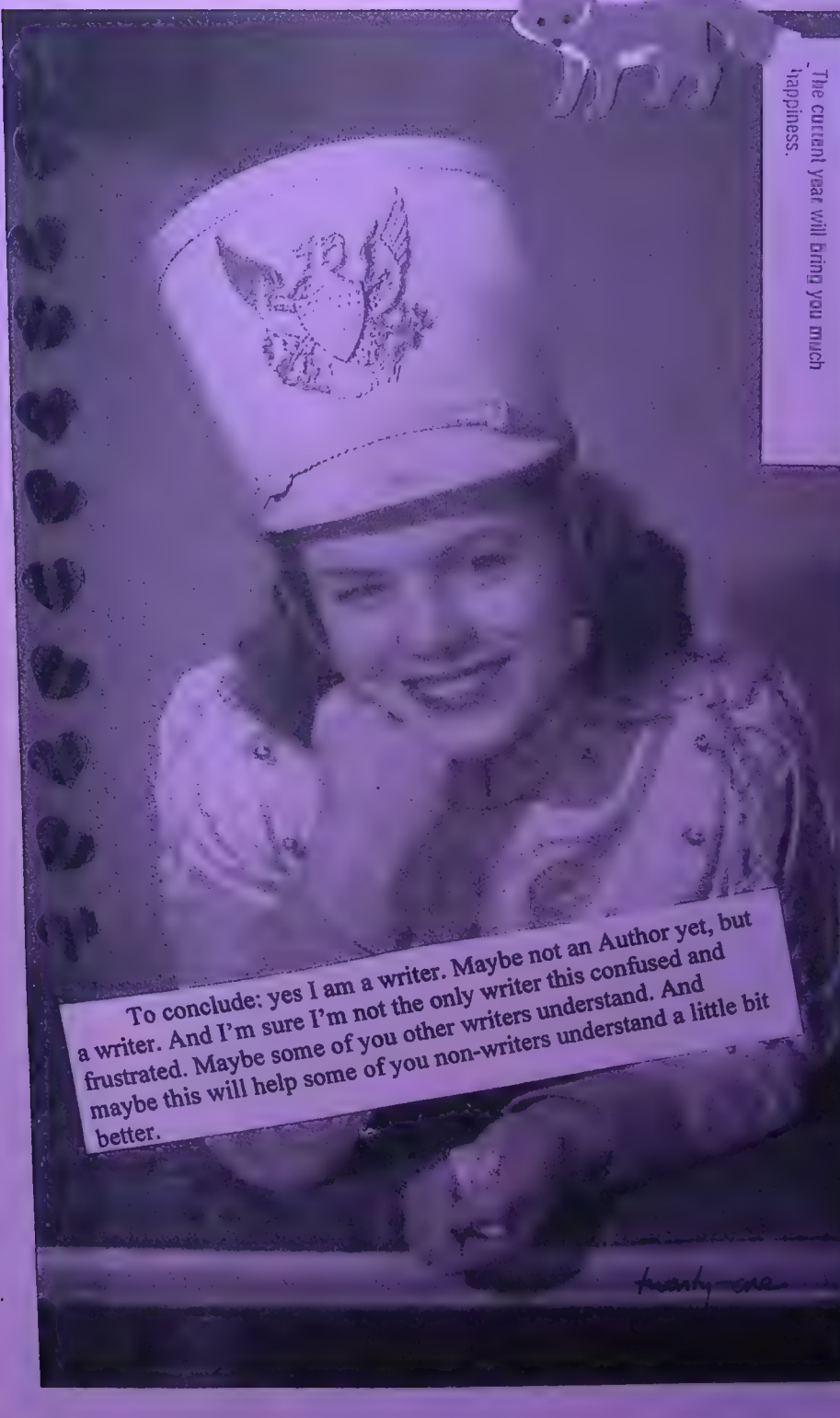
次回ご来店時に、ご注文の際に従業員にお渡しくださ
注)この券は、東...のみ、有効です。



twenty



The current year will bring you much happiness.



To conclude: yes I am a writer. Maybe not an Author yet, but a writer. And I'm sure I'm not the only writer this confused and frustrated. Maybe some of you other writers understand. And maybe this will help some of you non-writers understand a little bit better.

twanky one



It felt good to write this. I feel like I haven't really *written* in a long time and writing feels so good.



twenty
two

From *The Story Girl*
by the amazing L. M. Montgomery

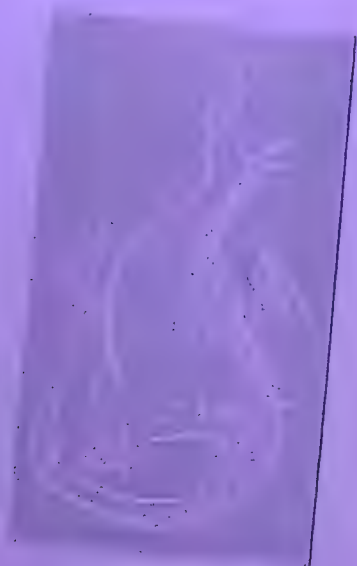


"I wish there was such a place as fairyland - and a way to get to it," said Cecily.

"I think there *is* such a place - in spite of Uncle Edward," said the Story Girl dreamily, "and I think there is a way of getting there too, if we could only find it."

Well, the Story Girl was right. There is such a place as fairyland - but only children can find the way to it. And they do not know that it is fairyland until they have grown so old that they forget the way. One bitter day then, when they seek it and cannot find it, they realize what they have lost; and that is the tragedy of life. On the day the gates of Eden are shut behind them and the age of gold is over. Henceforth they must dwell in the common light of common day. Only a few, who remain children at heart, can ever find that fair, lost path again; and blessed are they above mortals. They, and only they, can bring us tidings from that dear country where we once sojourned and from which we must evermore be exiles. The world calls them its singers and poets and artists and story-tellers; but they are just people who have never forgotten the way to fairyland.

*And here's some more quotes
from past issues of 398:*

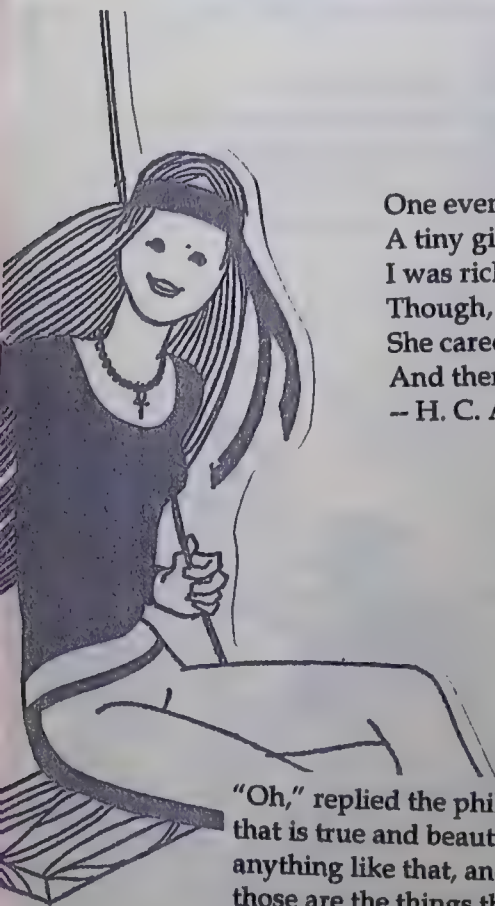


Wholeheartedly and steadfastly he went to work for the cause of beauty, truth, and goodness. But all too often he saw ugliness receive the praise that should have been given to beauty. The good was hardly noticed, while mediocrity was applauded instead of being criticized. People looked at a man's name, not his character; his position and not how he fulfilled it. But that is the way of the world and it cannot be different. - H. C. Andersen, The Philosopher's Stone

*...the whole world and a new pair of skates... -- H. C.
Andersen, The Snow Queen*

twenty-four

Why healing? Because words, in their pure form, help us bind up what is broken. When we are most alone, most afraid, most pained, what do we crave? The human voice, gentled. Other than a cry, including a cry, poetry is the essence of the human voice, the pure substance. Small children, with their half-words and their thoughts half-sung, speak in poetry. – K. Connelly, *One Room in a Castle*



One evening when I was young and gay
A tiny girl kissed me in childish play.
I was rich in fairy tales and clever,
Though, in money, as poor as ever.
She cared only for these tales so old
And then I was wealthy, though not in gold.
– H. C. Andersen, *The Magic Galoshes*

“Oh,” replied the philosopher, “I have been writing about all that is true and beautiful and good, but no one cares about anything like that, and I am terribly disappointed because those are the things that are dear to me.” – H. C. Andersen, *The Shadow*



"You can make one up. Mother says that anything you touch becomes a fairy tale."

"No, that kind of story or fairy tale is not worth much; it is not like the real ones who come knocking on my forehead and say: 'Here I am, let me in.'"

"Won't one come knocking soon?" asked the boy. And his mother laughed as she put the elderberries in the tea pot and poured boiling water on them.

"Please tell me a story! Please!" begged the boy.

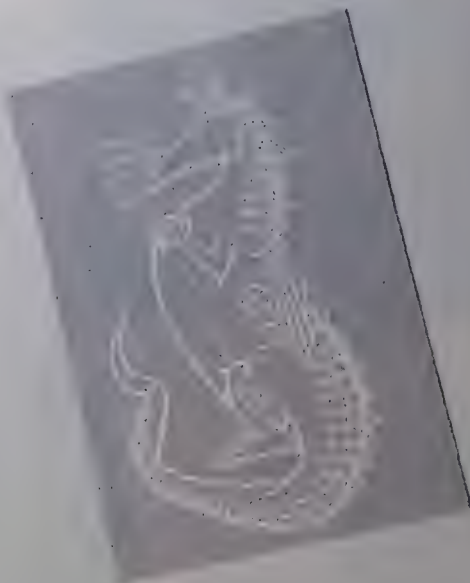
"A fairy tale only comes when it wants to, for fairy tales and stories are so highborn that they won't obey anyone, not even kings...Stop!" he cried suddenly, and held up his forefinger. "There it is! Be careful. It is in the teapot." - H. C. Andersen, Mother Elderberry



There are certain wishes best left unsaid, especially if you are wearing magic galoshes. - H. C. Andersen, The Magic Galoshes

twenty-six

*And here's some others that weren't in
previous issues:*



In a park, along a shaded path, he met a friend, a young poet, who told him that on the following day he was going abroad.

"So you're off again," remarked the copyist. "You poets are so happy and free. You can fly wherever you want to; the rest of us have a chain around our ankles."

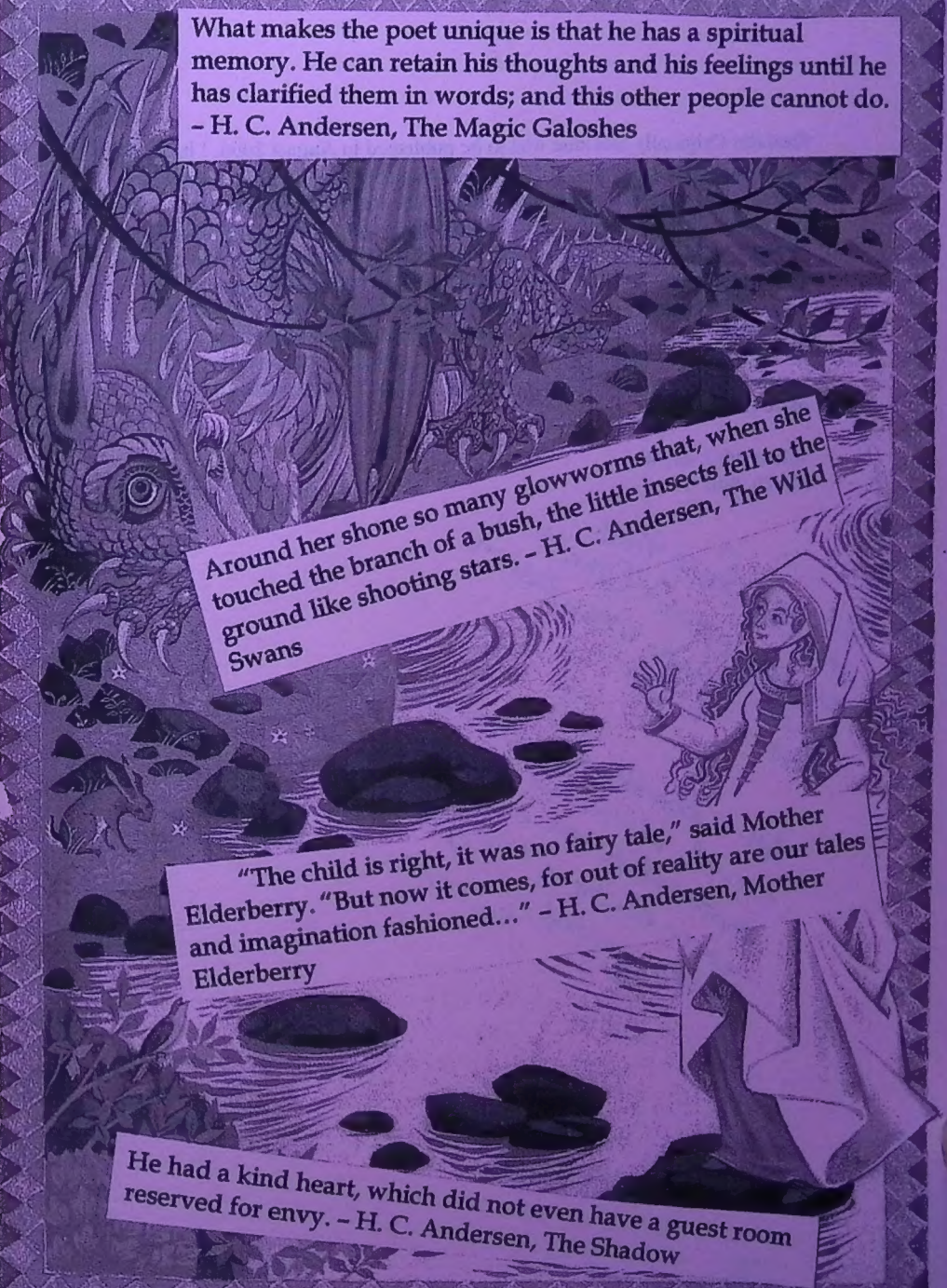
"True," the poet replied. "But the other end of that chain is fastened to a breadbox. You don't have to worry about tomorrow; and when you grow old you'll have a pension." - H. C. Andersen, *The Magic Galoshes*

thent, seven



But the most important work is to take down all the stars and polish them. I put them in my apron; but first I have to number all the holes so that I can put them back in the right place again. If I don't, some of them might not fit correctly; then they might slip out and there would be too many shooting stars, falling down one after the other. - H. C. Andersen, The Sandman

twenty-eight



What makes the poet unique is that he has a spiritual memory. He can retain his thoughts and his feelings until he has clarified them in words; and this other people cannot do. - H. C. Andersen, The Magic Galoshes

Around her shone so many glowworms that, when she touched the branch of a bush, the little insects fell to the ground like shooting stars. - H. C. Andersen, The Wild Swans

"The child is right, it was no fairy tale," said Mother Elderberry. "But now it comes, for out of reality are our tales and imagination fashioned..." - H. C. Andersen, Mother Elderberry

He had a kind heart, which did not even have a guest room reserved for envy. - H. C. Andersen, The Shadow

Outro: Originally this zine was to be published in August 2006. I had it all cut n' pasted and everything. But then I chickened out for some reason and decided not to print it, since I don't really like making perzines. But then a few months later, I reread it. And I think it does deserve to be printed. However, it's going to be a limited edition 50 copies print run. I also printed this issue at home because I had a bunch of pink and yellow paper and random coloured cardstock I wanted to get rid of. But I ended up going through several ink cartridges, so I won't be printing at home again. Sorry for the poor printing quality on some pages. I hope you enjoyed this zine. I haven't published a zine in awhile and I'm ready to jump back in! Expect more zines soon!

-Elizabeth J. M. W.
March 2007

and the fact that
my new rabbit Connie
may have chewed on
some pages...

All "disasters", whether great or
small, all become good writing
material in the end. A loss is
never really a loss, just another
story gained. Feb. 25/07



